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A LONDON PARK.

Green and shady walks are pleasant places of resort in cities; and welcome in proportion to the number and repulsive character of the surrounding population. When the size of the city, or the extent of naked country is so great, as render a retreat to rural scenes impossible or inconvenient, the inhabitants find a substitute in a walk through the nearest public square, at the close of day. Those of Paris are most adorned, but those of London are perhaps not less agreeable, and certainly are more spacious. Of the latter the reader will find some account in our first volume, page 218. But if it is difficult to convey a full idea of the impressions made by scenes of this nature by a description, it is impossible to do it by a small picture, like that above given, which represents but a small corner of one of the parks of London.

The trees here seen afford no just conception of many of the fine, old and venerable oaks which have stood for ages

in Hyde Park, St. James's and especially Kensington. Whatever may be the reason, (and we speak from experience,) even an American is struck with admiration at their size, strength and majestic forms, although he may have just landed from a continent abounding in virgin forests.

It is an object of considerable importance, in our view, to fix upon some appropriate plans and embellishments for public grounds, not only in cities, but also in villages. We should be careful, however, to guard against a mere imitation of foreign examples. In this, as in many other things, our taste and judgment should be brought into independent exercise. As many foreign cities offer us noble examples, so far as we regard the extent of grounds appropriated to public purposes, the pains taken to render them beautiful, commodious and healthful, so far they may well be regarded as proper objects of imitation: but, in the numerous particulars of plan

and embellishment, we are bound to have careful respect to our own interests, physical, intellectual and moral.

Among the observations which we are naturally led to make respecting our own public grounds, after visiting many of the cities of Europe, are the following :

1st. That our own are usually too deficient in shade. Many of them are but little used as places of resort in warm weather, being considered as chiefly designed for military trainings, and more extraordinary public displays. Even when trees are found, they are often planted at a distance from the paths, so as to afford but little protection to the visitor in a warm day.

2d. There is a want of convenient seats and resting places of all kinds ; and this objection lies also against many of the public grounds of other countries. The first objection which presents itself to the furnishing of such places with benches, &c., may have already risen in the minds of our readers : that is, the attractions they offer to the idle and vagabonds, who deprive such places of their attractions for the worthy part of society, and render them nuisances instead of benefits. But all such evils may be effectually prevented, by the appointment of proper keepers, who, in large towns at least, are indispensable. And the providing of seats, in sufficient number is a matter of more importance than many persons may imagine, who think only of their own circumstances, or those of their associates. The largest portion of the public, the laboring classes, are those to whom the public grounds might yield the greatest benefits : but, so different are their habits from those of their fellow-citizens, that, instead of needing athletic exercise at the close of the day, they require rest, having already become fatigued with protracted physical exercise through the working hours. Such persons can hardly be expected to visit the public square, in great numbers, even when the heat of the sun renders his departure from the horizon desirable, and by contrast a great relief. Fatigued with their various exhausting, but honorable labors, the first demand of nature is for repose ; and, if they cannot enjoy it in the open air, they must spend their leisure hour, in the cool of twilight, in the narrow streets or the confined dwellings to which their penury confines their habitation, where they are

often exposed to the degrading influences of ignorance and depravity.

But, let us kindly and wisely provide for them commodious seats in the public grounds, and they will bring their cheerful families, in their neatest dresses, to enjoy the coolness, the pure air, the tranquillizing scenes of approaching evening, surrounded by as much of nature's beauties as are there displayed, while the social intercourse they enjoy, even for so short a space, with the habitual sight of the refined manners of the virtuous and well-educated in other spheres of life, will naturally have an agreeable and useful influence upon themselves. Evils may arise or be apprehended from such habits : but the benefits must prove much more numerous and considerable.

3d. We show a general disregard to embellishments in our public grounds. Until within a few years, scarcely a single fountain, a statue, a vase, or even a bed of flowers, was to be seen in any of the commons, walks, avenues or squares of our cities or towns, either in the east, the west, the north or the south. It was indeed far more common to find marks of general neglect in the new, and of decay in the old. Fences were either wanting or broken down, trees and shrubbery scarce, grass stunted and trodden down, or the ground planted with potatoes, as in a case or two we have known. But, since water-works have begun to furnish the needed supplies, the fountain has been happily introduced in several cities, in many of its various forms, to add its numerous and untiring attractions to some of our public places, to delight the eye, to cool the air and to lull the mind with soft and grateful sound. This chief embellishment having been introduced, flowers have begun to spring up around them, as if planted and nurtured by the hand of nature ; and other improvements have begun to appear in their order.

CONSUMPTION OF SALT ON THE GLOBE.—It has been estimated that the annual consumption of salt on the entire globe is from 80 to 100,000,000 quintals, from 25 to 30,000,000 of which are consumed in Europe, and 5 or 6,000,000 in the United States.

The most important truths, urged in the most persuasive manner, make little impression on minds rendered stupid by ignorance and prejudice.—*L. M. Moore.*

The Hawk and Eagle.

In a recent visit to the Kennebeck, it was my pleasure to tarry a short time, quite near the shore. Early one delightful morning, as I stood on the threshold of the door, surveying the gentle scenery of the river, and watching for sturgeon, which frequently dart through the motionless surface, and then with a loud plunge dash again into the water, causing the unfolding ripples to float to either bank, my attention was arrested by the appearance of a large hawk which was rapidly describing circles in the air. Presently, with sudden swiftness, he made a spiral descent, and then darted straight into the water, from which slowly emerging, he brought forth a noble shad fish. The hawk soon alighted on the bank with his captive, and placing the shad in that position which would offer the least resistance to the air, and therefore, less impede his flight, he fastened his claws into each side of the fish, and glided off with his booty, passing directly over my head, the clear vista above affording a perfectly distinct and pleasing view of the captor and the captured. This circumstance I mentioned at breakfast, when another incident of a similar, but far more interesting nature, was related and can be confidently relied upon as being strictly true.

Early in the season a gentleman had occasion, at sunrise, to visit his wear: and on his return, attracted by a rustling in the water, he observed a large and fiercely strong hawk struggling to master a very active salmon, which he had dragged to the surface, and was endeavoring to bear away. With no little difficulty, he finally accomplished his object, and slowly began to wing his way for an adjacent forest. At this moment, the gentleman descried, perched upon a rock, overshadowed by a small cluster of trees, a bold and beautiful eagle, which, in common with himself, had been a close observer of the scene that had just been developed. When the hawk had flown a sufficient distance from the river as to render a retreat with his prey impossible, the eagle shot forward with great swiftness, immediately overtook and encountered him. The hawk made a most vigorous and brave resistance, but his incumbrance was so great, that he was soon forced to submit, when, relinquishing his grasp of the salmon, he withdrew

again to the river. The fish was immediately caught up from the ground by the eagle, which proudly mounted upward with his prize.

The salmon, still being alive, commenced a brisk flouncing, and, taking advantage of the eagle's inexperience of his trick,—after a lively flutter, bounded from his embrace, and fell once more to the earth. The eagle made a desperate pounce, and the doomed fish was borne upward a second time in the air. The gentleman watched the majestic soaring of the proud bird, and supposed that he was taking his last glimpse of both the conqueror and the vanquished, when to his great surprise, he beheld them descending rapidly. The eagle either found his prisoner too industrious or too burdensome, and once more alighted upon terra firma.

Seizing the salmon by the head with one talon he divided him with the other by tearing him in two. The larger piece he resumed, and then swiftly swept through the air with apparent eagerness to reach his resting-place. The gentleman advanced to the spot, and taking up what the eagle had abandoned, carried home the tail of a fresh and elegant salmon. The fish was served up at the table, and much praised for its flavor, but the incident was not related until the repast was over.—SEL. (See vol. i.)

BURNING FORESTS.—The Forest of Demner, in Prussia, caught fire on the 29th of July last, and had continued burning till the 21st of August, that is to say, 23 days, notwithstanding immense efforts which had been made to conquer the fire. More than five hundred peasants have been incessantly at work in cutting a broad zone of the forest, and digging broad and deep ditches, to stop the progress of the flames—but in vain; the fire crossed the space deprived of trees, and communicated with the rest of the wood, which, at the above mentioned date, was in full conflagration. All hope of extinguishing the fire was lost, at the last accounts. It has continued a length of time unexampled in forest annals. The Forest of Demner belongs to the State. The total value of the trees it contained at the moment the fire broke out was estimated at 7,000,000 thalers (nearly \$5,000,000.) The forest of Rauhenans, situated not far from the Forest of Demner, has also recently been consumed by fire.

Volcanic Wonders of the Azores.*(Concluded from page 677.)*

"One of the two girls who came to gather this vegetable, inadvertantly slipped into the influence of its rotary motion, but, not being absolutely in the vortex, her companion flew to her assistance, seized her by the hand, and held her above danger till their united cries brought some villagers to the spot, but it was only to witness a scene of horror and death. The companion lost her hold before aid could be administered; and the poor sufferer, after whirling round in the presence of her bewailing friends and relatives, uttered a scream of agony and finally vanished from the sight. On casting anything considerable into the vortex, the rotary motion increases; and on endeavouring to withdraw the object, the action amounts to perturbation and rage. It is considered as idle to sound it; two hundred fathoms having been tried in vain!—The water of the spring is clear and pure; the lavatic fluid is thick and impure; it does not amalgamate with the water; it rises to the surface and descends again by laws apparently unknown to man."

The next object of curiosity in this island are the Caldeiras. The Vale das Furnas presents to the eye shady groves, green pasture, flavid fields, streams of the purest water, fruits of the most delicious flavor, and air of the most balmy fragrance, while the Caldeiras are a dreary waste of volcanic sand, without shade or shelter, scorched by the rays of the sun, and intersected by deep ravines and yawning craters, where, instead of refreshing breezes, the suffocating vapors spread, and the boiling waters, rising from the trembling earth, threaten to overwhelm the affrighted beholder. The Caldeiras of the Furnas are discoverable by vast columns of boiling water, by the air being impregnated with sulphur, and by the overhanging atmosphere receiving the burning vapor in the form of clouds, which exhibit a beautiful variety of eccentric figures and lucid tints. The water is so hot as to boil an egg in two minutes, but so sulphuric and searching, as to impregnate vegetables with an acid rendering them unfit for food.

For several yards round, slight vapors issue from the earth, which leave traces of a sublimed sulphur, exhibiting colors in which green, yellow and azure are predominant. In the principal Caldeira the water is cast from several hundred valves, rising and falling as if ejected through the

spiracles of whales. The heat is intense around. Separated from this by a bank of volcanic substance is the muddy crater thus described: "It is an object of stupendous horror that appears to appal the mind, and startle the intellect at first sight; and yet after reason or experience had removed the first impressions of my fear, I made it also a foundation of pleasurable enjoyment. It is the same with fire, ruins, hurricanes, a stormy sky, a troubled ocean, a wild beast in chains, or a dead monster, which, either from their natural magnificence or extraordinary novelty, become subjects of agreeable contemplation, after they have been acknowledged at once dreadful and harmless. The vortex of the muddy crater is on a level with the plain, and leads to a vast cavern, where its mineral and metallic contents are in a continued state of ebullition, and which it unceasingly endeavors to discharge through the vortex, and with a violence and uproar more powerful and mighty than the waves of the sea when they seek for admission into the recesses of their shores. But, strange as it may appear, the volcano has a limited domination; its lavatic matter swells and rises to the exact periphery of its vortex, but never overflows. It is, however, generally known in the valley, that the state of the atmosphere has a visible effect upon this crater, and that it possesses a very strong presentiment of every change in it. It has been discovered that it possesses this quality in a more eminent degree than any barometer in the island. When the weather inclines to rain or wind, its noise increases from the dashing of waves to the roar of a hurricane; and when the weather is disposed to moderate, the roar subsides to the sound of waves beating against the strands of the sea. Nor is it slightly prognostic of the changes which are about to take place in the air. The barometer foretells the state of the weather only for about twenty-four hours, whereas there is a certainty that the weather will continue fair for three or four weeks, when the noise of the crater subsides. And such is the infallibility of this natural barometer, that it has never been known entirely to subside before the most perfect equilibrium of all the consistent parts of the air indicates with certainty that this great decline of detonation will not be made in vain. There are also artificial causes which operate a change of this wonderful phenomenon: stones thrown into the vortex are succeeded by an increase of noise

commensurate with their magnitude, and cold water cast in excites an effervescence and uproar almost too horrible to be heard or to behold. Upon this experiment, and during heavy rains, the lava swells up with impetuosity to the vortex of the crater, and emits a spray, of the heat, color and consistence of boiling lead. The ground for several yards round is intensely hot, and no vestige of vegetation can be traced. The vortex of the crater is about forty-five feet in circumference; but, as it is hourly wasting by the ebullition of its fiery contents, its magnitude will ultimately expand and absorb the Caldeiras of clear water, which at present play round its tremendous gulf."

Near at hand is the Perforated Rock, formed by the unremitting action of a hot spring beneath it, which it covers like a dome. It is about six feet in circumference, four feet deep, and perforated with holes, in such a manner that its surface resembles a sieve, through which the hot water emits itself with great force. This is perhaps the only instance of a rock perforated by the perpendicular action of water beating upward. Hot and cold streams rising at hand, with baths of every temperature, complete the picture of this wondrous locality.

The Pico de Fer, a huge volcanic mountain, with lead and iron mines neglected as much from fear of spirits and goblins as from want of capital, forms another object of curiosity, as well as a fissure in the hills, between that and Formoya, where the mountain is split from the summit to the base, and the traveller proceeds from one valley to another without the slightest inequality. The geologist has here an admirable opportunity of observing the various strata, and how all is disposed by nature in a manner most useful and congenial. On the top of all is vegetable mould, composed of various substances proper to imbibe and conduct moisture to the roots of trees and plants; under this are sands and pebbles to carry off the superabundant moisture; and that it may not rot off too fast, a thin stratum of clay interferes to stop it; and finally these thin layers are supported by layers of harder and more ferruginous substances.

Between Porto Formoya and Riberia Grande, a route adorned by flowery meads, verdant hills, villages, and villas

all erected on land originating in fiery eruptions, is a subterranean fire, discovered by a light vapor shooting out of an aperture twelve inches wide. After shooting out horizontally, it suddenly ascends to a considerable height—in the day being a very light color, at night presenting the appearance of a faint flame. If the orifice be stopped up, a noise is heard like water boiling with great violence, and small columns of confined vapor burst through weak places, so highly electrical, that instead of ascending in columns, they fork or dart about zig-zag, like lightning. It is thought dangerous by the guides to keep the passage pent up long, and equally dangerous to listen with the ear against the mountain to the rumbling noise within, as subtle vapors are apt to steal in and disturb the brain. Beyond Riberia, the traveller is directed to a Caldeira which merits a detailed description, as well because of its intrinsic curiosity, as because of the extraordinary appearance which it presents at night.

On arriving at the summit of one of the mountains which have to be crossed to reach it, a column of white vapor is discovered rising from the centre of the cone of a volcano, one side of which being rent from the summit to the base affords the means of seeing the vapor rise in columns or streams, and also serves as a passage for the spectator to enter without impediment into the body of the cone. The scene is grand and sublime, while the heat is so intense, and the ground so hot, as to make standing still impossible. But the eye views with wonder, says a traveller, "the configuration of its borders, the internal sides, the form of the immense cone, its bottom, on which I stood, and its vertex, to which I looked up from a depth of about three hundred feet. In the centre of this astonishing theatre, the boiling water rose, as if from several apertures, and to a various height of from six to seventeen feet, tapering off in the regular and beautiful gradations of the ears of a sheaf of wheat, and forming a base, but undulating and transparent. The circumference of the crater, in which this grand exhibition is displayed to so much advantage, is two hundred and fifty paces, and the vapor, which ascends rises with great velocity into the external atmosphere; and forms a cloud over the vertex of the cone. The upper edges of the cone or crater are indented

in several places, and the internal at different angles, in different parts, and abound with concretions of diversified colors and fantastic shapes. From what I observed, I considered that the concretions were principally composed of salt and sulphur and the muriate of ammonia. I also perceived that in the lapse of time the crater had undergone many changes, and that there must have been in it formerly an abyss as well as a funnel; whence it may be deduced that the crater was once vastly higher, and that its summit or original vertex having been precipitated into the gulf by some terrible eruption or shock, diminished the height of the crater, and blocked up the mouth of the abyss. The constant ebullition and action of boiling water at the bottom of this volcanic abyss, makes a noise similar to the waves of a stormy sea; and the vapor which issues from it, when condensed by the cold of an elevated atmosphere, descends in heavy dew to the earth, and preserves it, even in the ardent heat of summer, in the most luxuriant fertility and verdure.—*Chilicothe paper.*

POETRY.

Home.

Where'er o'er distant land,
And distant sea,
The traveller, forced by fate,
Alas may flee:
Though by the mountain or the stream he
 roam,
A spirit ever calls, "Come home, come
 home."
There is a voice that dwells
In every breeze,—
In hidden sylvan cells,
And forest trees.
A voice that's ever heard where'er we roam,
Calling in accents wild, "Come home, come
 home."
"Come home!" thy earthly friends
With sorrow see
The vacant chair that waits
So long for thee.
Wanderer, return, return, no more to roam—
Come to thy native place, "Come home,
 come home."
When life's sad scene is o'er,
And when the blast
That scatters ruin 'round
Fore'er is past,
How sweet from Heaven the words, "No
 longer roam,"
Come to the home of bliss, "Come home,
 come home." [Selected.]

The Blind Boy.

It was a blessed summer day;
The flowers bloom'd, the air was mild,
The little birds poured forth their lay,
And everything in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wander'd on
Beneath the deep wood's ample shade,
'Till suddenly I came upon
Two children who had thither strayed.

Just at an aged birch-tree's foot,
A little boy and girl reclin'd:
His hand in her's she kindly put,
And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near;
A tree conceal'd me from their view;
But all they said I well could hear,
And I could see all they might do.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long:
Say, do you see him in his joy,
And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,
"I see the bird on yonder tree:"
The poor boy sigh'd, and gently said,
"Sister, I wish that I could see."

"The flowers, you say, are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there—
How beautiful for one who sees!"

"Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,
And I can feel the green leaf's shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From these dear birds that God has made."

"So, sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight, alas! He has not given;
But tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in heaven?"

"No, dearest Edward; there all see:
But why ask me a thing so odd?"
"Oh, Mary! He's so good to me,
I thought I'd like to look at God."

Ere long, disease his hand had laid
On that dear boy, so meek and mild;
His widow'd mother wept and pray'd
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said, "Oh, never weep for me:
I'm going to a bright, bright place,
Where, Mary says, I God shall see."

"And you'll come there—dear Mary, too;
But mother, when you get up there,
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you,
You know I never saw you here."

He spake no more, but sweetly smiled
Until the final blow was given,
When God took up that poor blind child,
And opened first his eyes in heaven.

[Dr. Hawkes.]

Historical Society.

The first meeting of the N. York Historical Society for the season, was held at the University on Tuesday evening, Oct. 5th, Hon. Albert Gallatin, presiding. A considerable number of members were present, with several strangers.

This Society, has been for several years, in a very flourishing condition, actively engaged in their collection of valuable books, manuscripts, in conducting on extensive domestic and foreign correspondence, and in publishing much valuable information. The position of its library and its place of meeting is highly favorable, being in the N. Y. University buildings, on Washington Square, and in the midst of a large population of wealthy and intelligent citizens. The monthly meetings are usually attended by from eighty to two hundred members, the business is conducted with system and dispatch, and presents a variety of interesting subjects, in various forms. The Society is doing its full share in the extensive exertions now made in the country, by the numerous historical societies in different States.

Among the letters read was one from Leon Vais of Paris, transmitting some of his essays, one on philology, &c.

A gentleman of Yucatan returned thanks for the honor of his election as a member of the Society. This is the gentleman mentioned so often by Mr. Stephens. He is the owner of the ruinous city of Uxmal, in Central America.

Dr. O'Callaghan communicated a history of the proceedings of the Jesuits in this country, with forty volumes.

Mr. Marshall, of Buffalo, transmitted his translation of the Journal of the Marquis de Neuville, of his expedition against the Seneca Indians, at the order of the French Government, from the collection in the State Library, collected by Mr. Brodhead.

The collection of original manuscripts in the Society's Library, amounts to above 15,000, and perhaps 20,000. Of those from the family of Gen. Gates, called the Gate's papers, 8000. Steuben papers, 4000, and the Sterling, 1000. Of Lord Bellemont's papers there are thirteen, some of which are curious. The volumes of newspapers amount to 1161.

A letter was read from Mr. George Gibbs of Turk's Island, who last year read a very interesting paper on the first land discovered in America. His letter mentioned that he had lately visited the island of Haiti, and the interior city of Santiago; and found remains of the aboriginal population, mingled with Spanish blood. Pottery, and clay-pipes are manufactured by them, exactly resembling those found in ancient sites, the reliques of periods anterior to the discovery. Entire mountains of salt exist in that island, and abundance of copper, iron and silver. The ancient city of St. Domingo, which he has lately visited, is a fine city. The cathedral, which was twenty-

five years in building, is made of very large bricks, with solid walls to guard against injury by earthquakes. The city is large, with broad and straight streets, and some of the inhabitants bear the names of several of the Spanish discoverers: Bobadilla, &c.

A collection of books presented by the city of Paris, through Mr. Vattermare, lay on the table, and M. V., himself was requested to announce their titles to the Society.

Two folio volumes relating to the colonial system of France, presented by the Minister of Marine. A large German chronological chart, presented by M. Vattermare. That gentleman mentioned that he had brought with him from France, about ten thousand volumes, and invited the society to make a selection of such of them as might be best suited to their library.

The Domestic Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Gibbs, presented a collection of about 400 miniature engraved portraits of individuals, made by a French artist in this country, about forty years ago.

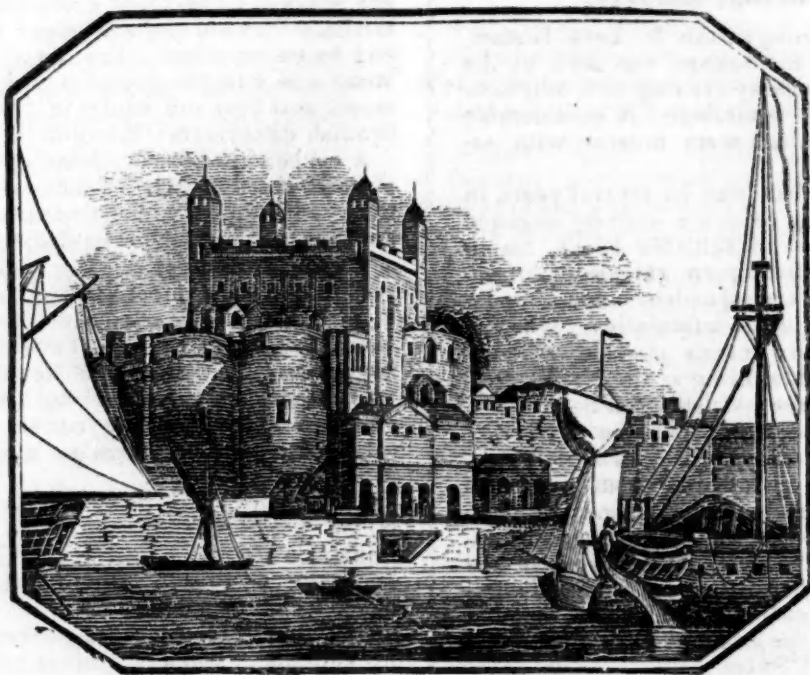
The thanks of the Society were offered to M. Vattermare, and a committee was appointed to receive the books he offered to the Society.

The deaths of Peter Stuyvesant and Major William Popham were noticed by resolutions adopted by the Society, after eloquent addresses made by several of the members.

Among the donations presented, was a silver medal of William Pitt, Lord Chatham, found some time since in this city.

CASE OF DR KING.—The trials of this estimable and faithful man have not yet come to their close. He has been obliged to retire for a season, and he is now in Geneva, in Switzerland—a place which has been so often the refuge of the persecuted.

For some days after he left Athens, (July 31), a series of articles appeared in the Age, a leading newspaper in the Kingdom; the object of which was to bring the odium and abhorrence of the public, full and resistless, upon his devoted head. To Americans it will seem utterly impossible that anybody could believe one word of it; yet we are told that it receives the implicit credit of the great mass of the Greek community. So intense and universal became the excitement, that the government were apprehensive in respect to the consequences, especially when they looked at the disturbed and distracted state of the national politics; and they requested Dr. King, therefore, to leave Athens for a while, that the tumult might subside. As his life was in jeopardy, he yielded to this request, and took his departure.



THE TOWER OF LONDON.

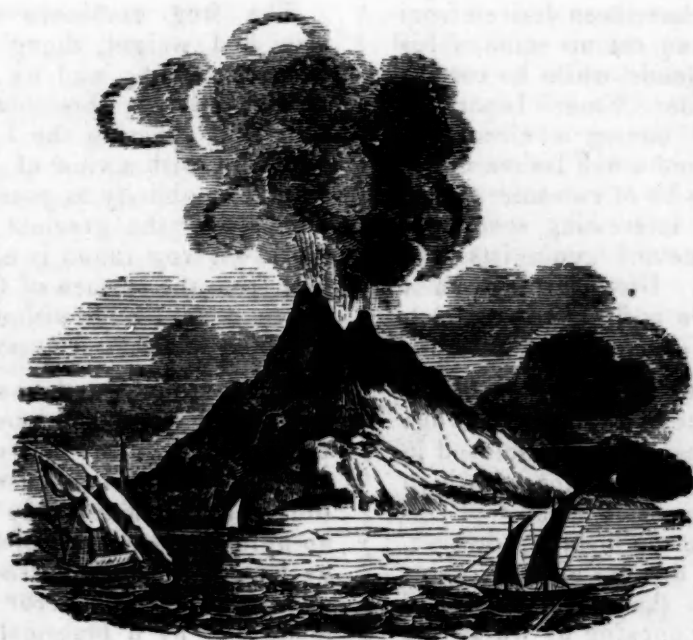
This collection of edifices, originally only a small fortified refuge for the king, and afterwards, at successive intervals, a spacious palace and citadel, the great state prison of England, the national museum of antiques and the principal menagerie in the kingdom, still retains much of the aspect of past centuries, although it now serves only as an arsenal, and the depository of curious ancient armor, the spoils of the Spanish armada, and the jewels of the crown and other regalia. It is still one of the principal objects of curiosity to the stranger visiting London; and its appearance from the Thames side, (exhibited in our print), must be familiar to some of our readers.

It is on the immediate bank of the river that the visitor commonly finds entrance to the castle. The whole circuit of the castle walls is enclosed by a wide and deep ditch, filled by water from the Thames; and on the land-side, broad streets extend beyond this, closely built with shops and houses. The vicinity is known by the name of Tower-Ditch. Passing in at the first gate, the stranger crosses a short, narrow bridge, but little raised above the water level, where the massive walls, the low arches, the sudden solitude, gloom and chilliness make a strong contrast with the light and lively scene of a London street. This, he learns bears a name corresponding with its ap-

pearance: "the Traitors' Bridge;" and here, he is told, persons arrested for treason were formerly brought into the castle in boats, when secrecy was desired by the officers, or when apprehensions were entertained of an interruption or a rescue in the streets. Suspicions are sometimes added to this account, the farther to interest the feelings, that occasionally prisoners were disposed of in the Turkish manner, by burying them at night in the river.

The yeomen of the guard are a body of stout, portly men, who have the charge of the place, and who serve as guides to visitors. They make a fantastic appearance, with broad-brimmed hats looped up with red ribbons, and old fashioned coats and waistcoats. Although the ancient White Tower was destroyed by fire a few years ago; and other parts injured, with portions of their various contents, there are many places and objects well worthy of a stranger's attention. For some account of these, the reader may refer to our first volume, page 641, where will be found a large and fine engraving of the White Tower.

PENMANSHIP.—How much a man of business adds to the ease and comfort of those who deal with him, if he writes a fair, legible hand! It is ill-manners to send a letter to a person badly written.



STROMBOLI.

This little burning mountain forms an island in the Mediterranean, a little distance from the coast of Calabria, between Naples and Sicily. It is one of the few volcanoes which are always in visible action; and, as it shows a constant light at the top, it bears the appropriate name of the *Faro*, or Light-house. It hardly can be necessary to remark, that no artificial structure or provision of art can subserve the purposes of the mariner so well. It may be seen, in clear weather, at a great distance, and is not liable to extinction by any of the accidents to which common light-houses are exposed. Some of our travelled readers may perhaps recal with interest the sublime impressions received in sailing near Stromboli in the night, when a broad, red glare is thrown upon the intermediate water, a ruddy glow is seen on the distant sail or foaming billow, and nearer objects, and especially human countenances, assume an aspect as strange as the mysterious origin of the light.

One of the adjacent islands is called *Volcano*, and is supposed to have been named in ancient times after the heathen god *Vulcan*. It may be that *Virgil* hence derived a hint which led him to imagine *Vulcan's* thunderbolt factory (to use a modern word) in Mount *Ætna*, which is at no great distance.

The *Lipari* Islands to which *Stromboli* belongs, are seven in number. Their ancient history, as sketched by some of the

works compiled for our convenient reference, is briefly as follows:

They were known to the Romans by the names of *Æoliæ Insulæ*, *Vulcaniæ Insulæ*, and originally by that of *Meligunis*. They were uninhabited until the time when *Liparus* arrived, with a band of friends, after having been driven from Italy, by his brothers, the other sons of king *Auson*. He occupied *Lipara*, and there founded a colony and built a city, both taking their name from him. This is stated by *Strabo*, 275, and by *Diodorus Siculus*, 5, 7. Greek writers say that *Æolus* arrived not long after, married *Cyane*, daughter of *Liparus*, and, having restored his father-in-law to his kingdom in *Surrentum*, held the government of *Lipara* himself.

In the 50th Olympiad, according to *Livy*, 5, 28, that is between 577 and 554 B. C. a colony of *Cnidians*, *Rhodians* and *Carians*, arrived from the coast of *Sicily*, whence they had been driven by the *Phœnecians* and *Elmæi*; and from that time *Lipara* was considered as a *Doric* colony. It became great and rich by commerce, and successfully assisted several attacks by *Phœnician* pirates. The people however, afterwards became pirates themselves.

When the *Carthaginians* undertook the capture of *Sicily*, they seized upon *Lipara*, but the Romans got possession of it in the first *Punic* war.

The name of *Vulcaniæ Insulæ* is said

by some writers to have been derived from a belief that Vulcan set up some of his forges in these islands, while he carried on his smithy under *Ætna*. *Lipara* is the largest island, having a circumference of nineteen and a half Italian miles. They all appear to be of volcanic origin, and have afforded interesting specimens to the mineralogists and geologists who have visited them. *Diodorus* says their craters were visible in his time.

Frogs in Stones.

We have several apparently well authenticated instances on record of frogs and toads having been found enclosed in masses of rock, to the interior of which there was no perceptible means of ingress. It has been the fashion, however, with naturalists to dismiss all such cases on the assumption that there must have been some cleft or opening by which the animal was admitted while in embryo, or while in a very young state: no one, as far as we are aware, believing that the sperm or young animal may have been enclosed when the rock was in the process of formation at the bottom of the shallow waters.—Whatever may be the true theory regarding animals so enclosed, their history is certainly one of the highest interest; and without attempting to solve the problem, we present our readers with an instance taken from the *Mining Journal* of January 18, 1845. 'A few weeks since, as a miner, named *W. Ellis*, was working in the *Pennydarren Mine Works* at forty-five feet depth, he struck his mandril into a piece of shale, and to the surprise of the workman, a frog leaped out of the cleft. When first observed, it appeared very weak, and, though of large size, could crawl only with difficulty. On closer observation, several peculiarities were observed; its eyes were full sized, though it could not see, and does not now see, as, upon touching the eye it evinces no feeling. There is a line indicating where the mouth would have been had it not been confined; but the mouth has never been opened. Several deformities were also observable; and the spine which has been forced to develop itself in angular form appears a sufficient proof of its having grown in a very confined space, even if the hollow in a piece of shale, by corresponding to the shape of the back, did not place the matter beyond a reasonable doubt.

The frog continues to increase in size and weight, though no food can be given to it; and its vitality is preserved only by breathing through the thin skin covering the lower jaw. *Mr. W. Ellis*, with a view of giving his prize as much publicity as possible, has deposited it as "the greatest wonder in the world—a frog found in a stone forty-five feet from the surface of the earth, where it has been living without food for the last 5000 years."—*Chambers' Journal*.

ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.—*Dr. Johnson's* education and kindness of heart could not divest him of the natural coarseness of his manners. He was to dine one day with a lady who advocated an agrarian sentiment of the day, known as levelling. She persisted with some obstinacy, and the doctor thought to confound her by a practical illustration of her theory.

"Madam, it is but little use to talk when two agree to differ; and, as equality cannot be selfish, call up your footman, and let him dine with us. By what distortion of society is he forced to serve?"

The lady expressed her surprise, and ventured to suggest that the doctor misunderstood her.

"Not at all, Madam, but I see there is some saving philosophy in your position. You would reduce those who are above you to your depth, but you are shocked at the idea of raising those who are beneath you to your level."

"No law can justify an equality for the mind that conceives the law is superior, and preconceives a deficiency in human sense and political systems. Equalization would be better promoted by the exercise of a little humility, and if we sometimes assume a virtue which we have not, we might borrow a position that we need not, and do as the people of ancient Rome. In that city, at the feast of Saturn, which happened in December, the servants were waited upon at the table by their masters; and this will not be thought a trifling task when it is remembered that it was not unusual for a wealthy citizen to possess three thousand slaves. Here, then, allowing each servant to assume the three thousandth part of an aristocrat's pride, peevishness and perverseness, the master would in a few minutes have some idea of an eternity of bondage."

Travels in Holland in 1847.

Schevening is a small village in Holland, where they take sea baths. To go from Ostend to Schevening it is necessary to cross from one end of the two kingdoms of Belgium and Holland to the other. But that is a trifle, in these days of railroads. The road first takes you to Antwerp, where you had better stop.

It is the native city of Rubens; and this title remains to it in the wreck of the prosperity which it once enjoyed, but enjoys no longer. For, although it is still very rich, active and busy, the city of Antwerp has lost much of its past splendour. The time has gone by when two thousand vessels were at anchor before its wharves, and when its merchants were rich enough to do as David Daems did. He loaned, upon his simple note, two million florins to Charles V.; then, when in gratitude for this service, the Emperor consented to dine with the merchant, Daems, as he rose from the table, threw the Emperor's note into the fire, saying: "I am more than paid by the honor which your majesty has done me to-day." Certainly, Charles V. could well afford to take pot-luck every day in the year at the houses of such merchants and on such terms. But if such men as David Daems have at all times been rare, there is certainly none now at Antwerp, or anywhere else.

When you are tired of gazing at Antwerp, at the Rubenses, the Van Dycks, the Van Ostrades, and the Mieris, you embark for Rotterdam, where you take the railroad. The Hollanders have a great passion for the sound of bells. They have some superb chimes, which play, every quarter of an hour, the noisiest and most piercing charivaris. Bells have full employment on the railroads. The departure of every train is preceded by a tocsin that lasts twenty minutes. On your arrival at the Hague, you have not escaped from these bells, which still resound in your ears. The motion of the road, and the placid aspect of the landscape, cannot save you from these painful impressions, which are effaced only by sea-bathing.

Schevening is situated at the distance of half a league from the Hague, and is united with that city by a magnificent avenue, planted with four rows of beautiful trees, and so straight and uniform, that, as you leave the Hague, you can

distinguish with perfect ease, the steeple of Schevening, at the other end. Whoever has not seen a village in Holland, can form no idea of it. They resemble those of no other country. The proverbial neatness of Holland, which is so rigidly practised in the cities, is here carried even to folly. With all their zeal, it is very difficult to keep anything like complete cleanliness in a city; but, in a village, it is very different. They can wash and scrub it, from head to foot, every morning; and the Dutch villagers never fail to do it. Their eyes are hardly open before they take their sponges and their mops, and apply them, not to their own persons, but to their houses. These houses are small, and slight, of only one story, and with two windows in front. They are painted and varnished, and so lustrous that you can see yourself in their wood-work. You see the master or the servant come out to rub the front of the door, to dust the outside of the house, or to cleanse the lock. It is, therefore, always shining and bright, to a degree that is really painful. You regret to see such charming little houses exposed to the open air. You feel that they ought to be kept under a glass case, or at least covered with a cloth, like furniture which you wish to preserve. You at least want to do to all the houses what they have done at Saardam, to the house in which Peter the Great lived, when he came, under the name of Peter Baes, and dressed as a common workman, to learn ship-building in one of the yards of Holland. It is entirely covered with an envelope of planks, which encloses it as in a box. All the houses in Holland should be thus encased, to prevent their being injured by dust or mud.

Schevening is one of those villages in which one hardly dares to walk, and where the inhabitants view you with an evil eye if you have not wiped your feet before you enter their street. No inlaid floor could be more nicely kept than are the pavements of its streets, which are composed of small stones, fitted together, well secured, of different colors, and arranged with all the taste of mosaic. The village of Schevening is formed by a double row of small houses, immediately upon the seashore, upon which break the waves of the North Sea. Several times has the sea broken through the barrier presented by the shore, raised as a ram-

part, rushed with fury upon the village, buried and destroyed all its pretty houses; and each time, after the inundation, when the waves have retired, the inhabitants have constructed anew their abodes on the very spot where they were overwhelmed. This heroic constancy, this obstinate fidelity to their native soil, seems to have at last exhausted the wrath of the sea, for it is now long since Schevening has met with such a disaster.

Here, as in all other places frequented by bathers in the summer, the inhabitants place their dwellings at the disposal of strangers. All the houses in Schevening were to let at the commencement of June; now nearly all have their occupants. The vicinity of the city is a serious injury to the village. They can go from the Hague to Schevening on foot in half an hour, and in a carriage in a quarter; omnibuses are continually passing. These conveniences enable most of the bathers to reside at the Hague, and only to be at Schevening at the time for the bath, and to leave it soon after. The fishermen and the merchants, who comprise the little colony of Schevening, do their best to keep strangers away. Instead of endeavoring to attract them, or to keep them by favorable conditions, they seek to speculate on them, and the desertion of their village only increases their avidity. For the little houses now to let they ask extravagant sums; a small chamber in Schevening would cost you as much as an apartment in the Rue de la Paix, or the Italian Boulevard, in Paris. The sea baths of Schevening should, therefore, with more propriety, be termed the baths of the Hague, since most of the bathers reside there.

At the time when Holland and Belgium, united under the same crown, formed the kingdom of the Lower Countries, that kingdom had two capitals; the Hague shared this honor with Brussels, and the two cities had in turn the honor of being the residence of the King and the seat of government. This exchange was made each year, each reigning one year and returning the following to the second rank. This double system was very fatiguing and onerous to the courtiers and all the great dignities, who were obliged to move their households each year, and have two houses, one in the Hague, the other in Brussels. The Revolution changed all this, separated Holland from Bel-

gium, and gave to each city the permanent position of capital.

These two cities which are so closely united and which have been in turn the capitals of the same kingdom, present the most striking contrasts in appearance and manners. Brussels is like any other city, but especially Paris; the Hague is like no other, great or small. The peculiar characteristics of Holland, its appearance, its usages, are all here brought to their fullest development. There is not in all Europe a capital more grave, more tranquil, or more silent. The city is cut through by great lines or rows of trees, houses and water. The water sleeps, the houses are silent, and the trees shade their united stillness. Yet most of these inanimate houses are full of occupants; some are very rich, and the king's palace is not lovelier. The king of Holland lives in a very simple house, situated in the corner of a square, distinguished neither by its majesty nor its isolation, is immediately between two houses of common citizens, and all that attracts the attention of the passer by, is that it is guarded by four sentinels, two on foot, and two on horseback, and that it is furnished with four sentry boxes, two small ones for the foot men, and two larger ones for the horses and their riders—for the government of Holland displays great solicitude and show of justice to its subjects, and the authority has not two sets of weights and measures: the cavalry is as well taken care of as the infantry, and the horsemen on duty is as well protected against the inclemency of the weather as the foot soldier. EUGENE GUINOT.

A GREAT INVENTION.—A. B. Balcom, has been exhibiting umbrellas so constructed as to almost prevent their being stolen! When it is shut, the end of the handle can be unscrewed, taken off, and put into the pocket; and, in taking it off, it locks the umbrella so that it cannot be opened. So, if a thief should steal one of them, he would find that he has got one with the end of the handle gone, and moreover, that he could not use it, for he would be unable to open it. Neither could he sell it, for he would hardly be able to find a purchaser for an imperfect one. Thus, it will be perceived, that this invention is all but a preventive to umbrella stealing, incredible as it may seem. —*Boston Atlas.*

What has the War Cost Us?

What has the War cost us? One hundred and Twenty Millions of Dollars!—\$120,000,000! Is this a great sum? Is it a loss to us? Could we have made use of it?

With the interest of \$120,000,000 we might have founded a National Gallery, that would rank with the British Museum as the British Museum does with the Cabinet of Pennsylvania College.

The famous 'Garden of Plants,' founded and endowed at Paris, by Richelieu in the time of Louis the Fourteenth, and which is the greatest in the world, did not cost, from then till now, as much as three months of the Mexican war.

With \$120,000,000, a School-house and Church might crown every hill-top from the Penobscott to the Rio Grande, and teachers of knowledge and righteousness might do their mission of good without money or price for any one.

With 120,000,000 we might connect every town in our land by railroad, and the Magnetic Telegraph might be made to stretch its magic wires along every thoroughfare from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

With \$120,000,000 we might build such a Navy as the world never saw, and carry on such a commerce as Venice, in her palmyest days, never dreamed of; our flag might float on every breeze, our sails whiten every sea, and our name be heard and feared in every harbor between the poles.

With \$120,000,000 we might feed every poor man, clothe every beggar, and relieve every distress, not once only, but always, as long as the population of the globe did not exceed 950,000,000. Starvation, poverty and famine need never find a foothold on earth.

And more, with \$120,000,000 we might give the Bible and tell the tidings of our Holy Faith, to every Heathen land, to every foreign nation, and to every human soul.

The Government complains that the Post Office department is a heavy tax upon the Treasury, on account of the low rates of Postage. Devote four months' interest of the Mexican War debt to this end, and our people would never hear the word 'Postage.'

The Government doles out, with a miser's hand and a miser's spirit, trifling, pitiful sums for harbors in our Western

Rivers and Lakes. Devote two months' interest of the Mexican War debt to this end, and no more petitions for appropriations would come from the People of the West.

This is the way to calculate the cost of the War; and these are not idle fancies.—Let no reader be satisfied until he works with his pencil each one of these statements. Figures will verify them all. Is our country able to squander money on this wise? Is gold a matter of such little concern as to be disposed of in this summary manner?—What say the farmer, whose taxed land helps to heap up these hoards of wasted money? What says the mechanic, whose taxed "occupation" aids in amassing this squandered treasure?—What says the people, who pay for it in their clothes, food, books, houses, furniture and property? Can we afford it?—We might be doing good with it, such as no country has ever done.

Is this, then, the much boasted destiny of our great country—to tax her people, collect and borrow an immense sum, and spend it shedding blood and killing men? Heaven forbid it!! The war has cost us \$120,000,000, and what have we gained? Respect abroad? Doubtful. Unity at home? No. Fear in Mexico? Doubtful. This we have gained; we have taught our people to love the excitement, the glory of War; we have taught them the lesson that "might makes right;" we have called into vigorous play the passions of a NATION'S NATURE; we have given our people a taste for blood. Enough of this—let us have peace! By the good which \$120,000,000 can do; by the harm that it is doing; let us implore our rulers for peace?

But the War costs more; it costs in a way that money cannot count. Who will estimate by dollars and cents the cost of the broken limbs, the shattered constitutions and the legions of crippled soldiers? Who will estimate by dollars and cents the cost of the broken hearts, stricken spirits, and bowed heads of fathers made childless, or mothers made sorrowful, or wives made widows? But more than all, who will estimate by dollars and cents the cost of the undying part of the ten thousand who have fallen?

Answer these three questions; add that to the \$120,000,000; and then say, ye American people, "Is IT NOT TIME FOR PEACE?"—*Gettysburg Sentinel.*

Silk Culture in China.

The Old Chinese Dictionary, Eul-ya, says there are three kinds of insects which form cocoons: 1st, the Siang, or Silk Worms fed on mulberry leaves; 2d, the Tcheou-ia, those fed on the leaves of the jujube, and trees called ho-a and louan; 3d, the Hang, which is fed on the leaves of the plant called Siao. In the Chau-king, (one of the Canonical Books of the Chinese,) it is written: "The first day of the moon, of the last Spring month, the Prince's wife washes the eggs of the Silk Worms in the river." In an abridgment of the History of the kingdom of Ou, we find the following:

In the district of Nan-Yang, the Silk Worms form cocoons eight times a year. They have also those they term the Autumn, Winter, and Wild Silk Worms.

In the district of Yank-kia-ki, there exist eight species of the Silk Worms.

1st. Those which form their cocoons in the third month (April).

2d. Those forming their cocoons at the commencement of the fourth month (May.)

3d. Those forming their cocoons in May.

4th. Those cherished and precious Silk Worms finishing their cocoons in the fifth month, (June.)

5th. These cherished Silk Worms, forming their cocoons near the end of the sixth month (July.)

6th. Those forming their cocoons in the seventh month (August.)

7th. Those from a fourth laying of eggs and making their cocoons at the beginning of the ninth month, (Oct.)

8th. Those forming their cocoons in the tenth month (Nov.)

In the same work we read:

All the Silk worms of the first kind, which mature twice a year, (that is to say, those that lay their eggs for a second progeny the same year,) are called Tchín-tsan, precious Silk worms. There are few persons who raise this variety. The worm of the fifth class proceeds from the eggs of the third class. When the worms of the first class have formed their cocoons, in the third month, the moths appear and their eggs must be collected. In the seventh and eighth months the eggs open and the worms are hatched. A great number of persons feed this variety.

When those of the fifth class, or che-

rished Silk worms, are wanted, eggs of the worms of the third class are taken and put in an earthen vessel, the dimensions of which must be proportioned to the quantity of eggs to be preserved. The opening of the vessel must be stopped up with paper, then the vessel must be placed in a basin filled with spring water, in order that the cool air may delay the hatching. Thus they must be left from three to seven days; at the expiration of which time they hatch, and the worms can be raised. They are called Aitchin, or cherished and precious Silk worms; they are also sometimes called Ai-tseu, or beloved children. When they have formed their cocoons, the moths come forth and lay their eggs, seven days after which they hatch. Many feed this class.

Care must be taken to have the water surrounding the vase of the height of the eggs within; for if the exterior water be raised above the line of the eggs, they will die, or not be hatched. If the exterior air be lower than the eggs, then they will not feel the cool air, and their hatching will not be delayed. If their hatching be not prevented, they cannot be preserved from three to seven days in the vase. If they cannot be preserved from three to seven days in the vessel, when they hatch, they will fail to accomplish their task; that is, they will attempt in vain to spin their cocoons.

When the moths have come forth, and the females have laid their eggs, they cannot hatch at the end of seven days; these eggs will not hatch until the following year; but they must be deposited under the shade of a bushy tree.

Some persons put them in unbaked earthen vessels. They hatch in from three to seven days, after this exposure, and the worms which proceed from them succeed in forming good cocoons.—*Farmer and Mechanic.*

TO DESTROY RATS.—Professed rat-catchers in England use the following compound, and so affected are rats by this perfume, that they can be taken by the hand with impunity: 'Powdered Assa-fœtida, 1-4 grain. Oil of Anniseed, 1 drachm. Essential oil of Lavender, 1 scruple. Essential oil of Rhodium, 3 drachms.'

Mix this compound, and spread it on the bait in the trap, and you will not be long infested with them.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Example for Youth.

A little boy in destitute circumstances was put out as an apprentice to a mechanic. For sometime he was the youngest apprentice, and of course had to go upon errands for the apprentices, and not unfrequently to procure for them ardent spirits, of which all but himself partook, because, as they said, it did them good. He, however, used none; and, in consequence of it, was often the subject of severe ridicule from the older apprentices, because, as they said, he had not sufficient manhood to drink rum. And as they were revelling over their poison, he under their insults and cruelty, often retired and vented his grief in tears. But now every one of the older apprentices, we are informed, is a drunkard, or in a drunkard's grave; and this youngest apprentice, at whom they used to scoff, is sober and respectable, and worth a hundred thousand dollars. In his employment are about one hundred men, who do not use ardent spirits; he is exerting upon many thousands an influence in the highest degree salutary, which may be transmitted by them to future generations, and be the means, through grace, of preparing multitudes not only for usefulness and respectability on earth, but for an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.—SEL.

Emperor Tiberius.

(Extracts from the School-Compositions of a Young Lady.)

Tiberius; who had been appointed by Augustus as his successor, after his death immediately acceded to the throne, 14 years, B. C. During the first nine or ten years of his reign, he affected great affability and mildness; and all his cruelties were practised in secret. At this period he was 67 years of age; at which time he was induced by Sejanus to leave Rome, and retire to the island of Capri, where he could indulge without restraint in all his vices and cruelties. He accordingly went, and was assisted in his government by his base minion.

The deformity of his mind was equal to that of his body. His head was bald in front, his face was disgustingly ulcerated, and covered all over with plasters. He was naturally tall, which added greatly to his unpleasant appearance. He was

accustomed to spend whole days and nights in eating and drinking; and appointed two of his table companions to the first posts of the empire, for no other merit, than having sat up with him for two days and two nights, without intermission.

His jealousy was the cause of his sacrificing the lives of many of the highest men in the country. Finding that the numbers of persons whom he condemned, were so numerous that it was inconvenient to execute them separately, he sacrificed them all at once: so that the bodies lay putrifying in heaps; and so cruel was he, that their friends were denied the privilege of weeping. In putting to death sixteen out of twenty senators, he uttered a sentiment which will long be remembered in the annals of human cruelty: "Let them hate me, as long as they obey me."

This monster often satisfied his eyes, by beholding the torments of those whom, in his cruelty, he had condemned to the flame. In the day of Suetonius, the rock was shown, from which Tiberius threw headlong many of his victims. He died in the 78th year of his age, and the twenty-third of his reign, 37 years A. C.

RECIPES.

BLACKBERRY SYRUP.—The following is the recipe for making the famous Blackberry Syrup, a remedy for bowel complaints: "To two quarts of blackberry juice add half an ounce each of powdered nutmeg, cinnamon and alspice, and a quarter of an ounce of powdered cloves. Boil these together to get the strength of the spices, and to preserve the berry juice. While hot, add a pint of fourth proof French brandy, and sweeten with loaf sugar. Give a child two tea spoonful three times a day, and if the disorder is not checked add to the quantity."

TO PRESERVE THE BRIGHT GREEN COLOR OF VEGETABLES, such as spinach, beans, peas, &c., put a small teaspoonful of salaratus to every half gallon of water in which they are to be boiled.

A DROP or two of honey well rubbed on the hands while wet, after washing with soap, prevents chapping, and removes the roughness of the skin—it is particularly pleasant for children's hands and faces in cold weather.—*American Agriculturist.*

POETRY.

The Children's Choice.

John.—I mean to be a soldier,
With uniform quite new;
I wish they'd let me have a drum,
And be a captain too;
I would get amid the battle,
With a broad sword in my hand,
And hear the cannon rattle,
And the music all so grand.

Mother.—My son, my son!—what if that
sword
Should strike a noble heart,
And bid some loving father
From his little ones depart?
What comfort would your waving
plumes
And brilliant dress bestow,
When you thought upon his widow's
tears
And her orphan's cry of wo?

William.—I mean to be a president,
And rule each rising state,
And hold my levees once a week,
For all the gay and great.
I'll be a king, except the crown—
But that they won't allow;
And I'll find out what the tariff is,
That puzzles me so now.

Mother.—My son, my son! the cares of
state
Are thorns upon the breast,
That ever pierce the good man's heart
And rob him of his rest.
The great and gay to him appear
As trifling as the dust;
For he knows how little they are
worth—
How faithless of their trust.

Louisa.—I mean to be a cottage girl,
And sit beside a rill,
And morn and eve my pitcher there
With purest water fill.
And I'll train a lovely woodbine
Around my cottage door,
And welcome to my winter hearth
The wandering and the poor.

Mother.—Louisa, dear! a humble mind
'Tis beautiful to see;
And you shall never hear a word
To check that mind, from me;
But ah! remember, pride may
dwell
Beneath the woodbine shade,
And discontent, a sullen guest,
The cottage hearth invade.

Caroline.—I will be gay and courtly,
And dance away the hours;
Music and sport, and joy shall dwell
Beneath my fairy bowers;
No heart shall ache with sadness
Within my laughing hall,
But the note of love and gladness
Re-echo to my call.

Mother.—Oh, children! sad it makes my soul
To hear your playful strain:
I cannot bear to chill your youth
With images of pain.
Yet humbly take what God bestows,
And, like his own fair flowers,
Look up in sunshine with a smile,
And gently bend in showers.

Transposition.

Tfeā teis no ehtes dkar tlemetneba nda wofns
Nad sa hte ptolrsa epno ot creveie
Reh cveio ni luenls cseoh hrthgon teh
roctstu.

Elste fo a measnles edde.

MARTIN F. TUTTILER, JR.

Solution of Enigma, No. 50, p. 688.—1.
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5. Martinico. M. F. T.

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